widow sitting asleep *by* the fire, he valiantly coming behind her pulled the stool from her, when down fell she, and he by (or upon) her, with that learned and witty adverb in his mouth, * Keep the widow waking' Small rest had she that night, for before it was daylight, they made her pass through his cellar, enter a boat lying ready for her, and to sail so far as Pepper Alley and thence to St George's Church, where she is married at two o'clock in the morning But now the wooer, being a grocer by trade, made such a brag of his tricking the tripe-wife, and she such lamentations and complaints, that the matter is not only come to the law but also is sung abroad by the ballad makers

%th April A STRANGE MANNER OF DEATH

Last night one William Saxton slew his wife in strange manner The woman was in her bedroom preparing herself to go to bed with her husband, but he, having a quarrel with her and not wishing her to lie -with him, threw a metal chamberpot at her, striking her so violently in the belly that her breath was taken away and she died instantly

$th April SOUTHWELL'S 'ST PETER'S COMPLAINT *

A poetical book by Southwell, the Jesuit, is entered for the press, entitled *St Peter's Complaint,* wherein the author saith, Toets by abusing their talent, and making the follies and f eigrungs of love the customary subject of their base endeavours, have so discredited this faculty, that a poet, a lover and a liar are by many reckoned but three words of one signification * In his complaint Saint Peter mourneth his betraying of Christ, and the griefs arising therefrom, together with loss of sleep

Sleep, Death's ally, oblivion of tears,
Silence of passions, balm of angry sore,

Suspense of loves, secunty of fears,
Wrath's lenitive, heart's ease, storm's
calmest shore,
Senses and souls, repnval from all cumbers,
Benumbing sense of ill, with quiet slumbers

There is added *Mary Magdalene[9] s Blush* with her *Complaint*
*at Christ's death, * Look home? Fortune's*
Falsehood, At home in
Heaven, Lewd Love is loss, and other short poems